

CHARIVARIA.

THE KAISER has recently been at work on a canvas symbolic of the idea of a Happy Marriage. The moral of the picture is, we understand, that Marriage is not so bad as it is painted.

By-the-by, with reference to the statement that the KAISER was kept weather-bound for an entire day at Wilhelms-haven by a gale, we are requested to state that His Majesty was in mufti at the time.

A great and much-needed access to the ranks of American comic writers is announced. A number of Transatlantic *littératateurs* have agreed, at the instance of Mr. CARNEGIE, to publish books the contents of which shall be spelt phonetically.

Honours come thick and fast to Mr. SARGENT. The other day he was invited to contribute his portrait to the Uffizi Gallery. Now a writer in *The London Magazine* declares that SARGENT would seem to be the painter to whom the portrait work of Mr. HAL HURST is most closely allied.

First it was the Tariff Reformers, and now it is Lord MILNER; and the rumour goes that it is the intention of members of the Liberal Party to propose a vote of censure on all persons whose political views differ from their own.

The Daily Mirror last week made Major-General Sir ALFRED TURNER say that Mr. HALDANE's "proposed reforms" were excellent. This was, of course, an inadvertence.

The Post Office is about to issue a book containing twelve penny stamps and twenty-three halfpenny stamps at the price of two shillings. It is hoped that, if this publication goes well, a popular edition at a shilling will be forthcoming.

So few people make use of the Embankment that the Thames decided to do so last week.

We have pleasure in recording the following interchange of *bodinage* which delighted the Marylebone Police Court last week. "Do you know if it is right to summon us for the rates before they are due?" a woman asked Mr. PLOWDEN. "No, I don't know what is right in this world," was the reply. Applicant: "Oh, you don't?" Mr. PLOWDEN: "No." We do not think that Mr. PLOWDEN was quite at his best in this second repartee.

People are still talking of the recent



A SOFT ANSWER.

Papa (literary, who has given orders he is not to be disturbed). "WHO IS IT?" Little Daughter. "Scarcely anybody, dear Papa!"

terrible accident to an *Express* which ran off the lines, and dashed into Lagos, Africa, instead of Lagos, Portugal.

Meanwhile, by an act of rare consideration and magnanimity—for the *Express* is a Protectionist organ—the Government has promptly changed the name of the colony of Lagos to Southern Nigeria.

The appearance of a new disease is chronicled. "On being medically examined," writes a correspondent to a contemporary, "it was found that I was slightly flat-footed and short-sighted in one eye."

Many doctors, we hear, are now recommending smoking for ladies as an inexpensive substitute for a sea-voyage.

WALTER HOUCK, aged sixteen, of New York, recently slept for seven days. His sleep seemed to be natural, and his health excellent, and it is prophesied that the lad will become a great judge.

The Census of the British Empire reveals the gratifying fact that every possible variety of fancy religion continues to flourish under the British Flag, and that the Kino has no more loyal subjects than the Calathumpians, the Hokes, the Millennial Dawnites, the Dippers, the Tunkers, and even the Hornerites.

"Dressmaking Season Begins" is the heading of a paragraph in a contemporary. The poor husbands had no idea that there was a close time.

THE TURNING OF THE MIDDLE-CLASS WORM.

[*The Daily Mail* is taking up the cause of the "Middle-Class Serf," who is taxed and rated and bled beyond endurance "in the interests of the most pampered section of the community—the labouring man." The Middle Classes, it seems, are now in revolt, and are forming a new political body on the lines of the Labour Party in order to obtain justice and recognition. It is to be known as "The Thinking Party."]

WHAT are these voices floating on the Springtide,
Blent with the clank of chains,
Poignant as when a sea-mew, with his wing tied,
Frets for the ocean's plains;
Not loud and coarse, but doleful, but *adagio*,
As fits Refinement even in decay,
There in its villa aptly styled "Bellaggio,"
Down Brixton way?

I know that cry, that stifled cry for freedom!
I know that weary wail!
It is the Middle Class with none to heed 'em,
Except *The Daily Mail*;
It is the type of whom the word was written
That proves the pen more potent than the sword:
"These constitute the heart, the brains, of Britain,
Its spinal cord."

The clerk, the journalist, the man of letters,
Of medicine and the law—
They are condemned to wear ignoble fetters,
And lie on planks and straw;
Daintily bred, they have their bodies branded
With marks that ought to make our bosoms boil;
They are the slaves of so-called horny-handed
Scions of toil.

Bled (to oblige his lord) of hard-won wages,
The wretched drudge provides
Free schools and meals, free baths and free old-ages,
And Lord knows what besides;
Until a brain of once superb dimensions
At last collapses, and the poor dull slave
Gets, while his tyrants pouch their annual pensions,
A pauper's grave!

England, be warned! The time for patience passes;
You are more near the eve
Of a revolt among the Middle Classes
Than you perhaps believe;
Worn to a thread by Labour's licensed plunder
Of what poor desultory pay they earn,
Can anybody reasonably wonder
These worms should turn?

We can but dimly guess what that contortion
Will in effect be like,
For none has ever seen the brainy portion
Of England go on strike;
This much is sure—or I've miscalculated—
It will recall Athena's maiden rôle,
When she debouched, in armour fully plated,
From Zeus's poll.

Figure the portent! Let there be no blinking
The dread results to be
When all our Thinking Classes give up thinking
And strike for Liberty!
The public might endure its straitened lot if
Most other hives of thought should cease to hum,
But what—O hideous apprehension!—what if
The Press went dumb!

O. S.

TRAVELS IN SEARCH OF WIT.

I HAD heard so much ever since I can remember—and I had read so much continually in *The Daily Chronicle*,—of the ready wit of the London omnibus driver, that, when the fine weather came the other day and I felt lazy, I determined to hear some of it for myself. The time seemed peculiarly propitious, for the sun shone, and every hour or so a new motor-bus was being projected into the streets of London to add to the confusion of traffic and intensify the sardonic nature of the old drivers. So I took a front seat beside a driver with a scornful mouth and a twinkling eye, and waited; first, however, carefully fastening the waterproof apron to the pegs on each side of me, because I remembered so many anecdotes in which repartees had caused the hearers to "nearly fall off the bus" in their mirth as they "thought they would have died."

An opportunity came at once. At the Albert Gate there was the usual block, in which a cabman edged his cab so near our off horse that the shaft touched it. It is the kind of thing that, in the stories of bus drivers' wit that men tell you, invariably leads to retorts that made them "nearly die of laughing." So I was full of confident expectation. But in vain. "Why don't yer bring out your old woman to drive for yer?" was all he said. This did not seem to me to be funny; but I must confess that I was alone in that opinion. The rest of the people on the bus thought it excellent, and I heard one young woman behind me repeating to her friend: "Did you hear what he said? He asked that cabman why he didn't bring out his old woman to drive for him. They're so quick, these drivers."

We passed on and had more luck. We came to a motor-bus that had broken down—an "Ariel," I think it was. "Now," thought I, holding tight to the sides, "now!" The driver looked round and collected the passengers' attention. Then he called out to the chauffeur, with an air of secure triumph, "Why don't you sit on 'is 'ead?" Everyone laughed; everyone except one who had come out expecting too much.

I sat on that bus all the way to Charing Cross, and twice more the driver asked cabmen why they had not brought out their old women to drive for them, and once he asked it of a coachman and once of a carter; and once more he told a chauffeur to sit on the motor's head, and once he asked the conductor of a motor-bus for a drop of oil for mercy's sake. I confess to smiling at the last appeal, which, for the moment, was new to me; the rest of the passengers "nearly died."

At Charing Cross I changed to the front seat of another bus whose driver also looked promising, and returned to Kensington. This is the record of the ride's intellectual activity. Half-way up lower Regent Street a waggon in front "bored" a little, and the driver was asked why he had not brought out his old woman to take his place. As we waited in Piccadilly a Fulham motor-bus was just in front, and the conductor was asked to spare a drop of oil for mercy's sake. Opposite the Naval and Military Club a cabman was asked why he hadn't brought out his old woman to drive for him. Opposite the Lyceum Club the chauffeur of a motor-bus which had gone wrong was told to sit on its head. By Knightsbridge Barracks a Carter Paterson driver was asked why he hadn't brought out his old woman to drive for him, and again by the Albert Hall the question was put to a coachman with a rather mischievous pair of bays. That was the lot; and once again I must confess that I was alone in not being able to laugh and enjoy these sallies. Everyone else was delighted, and doubtless carried home spicy stories of the day's wit.

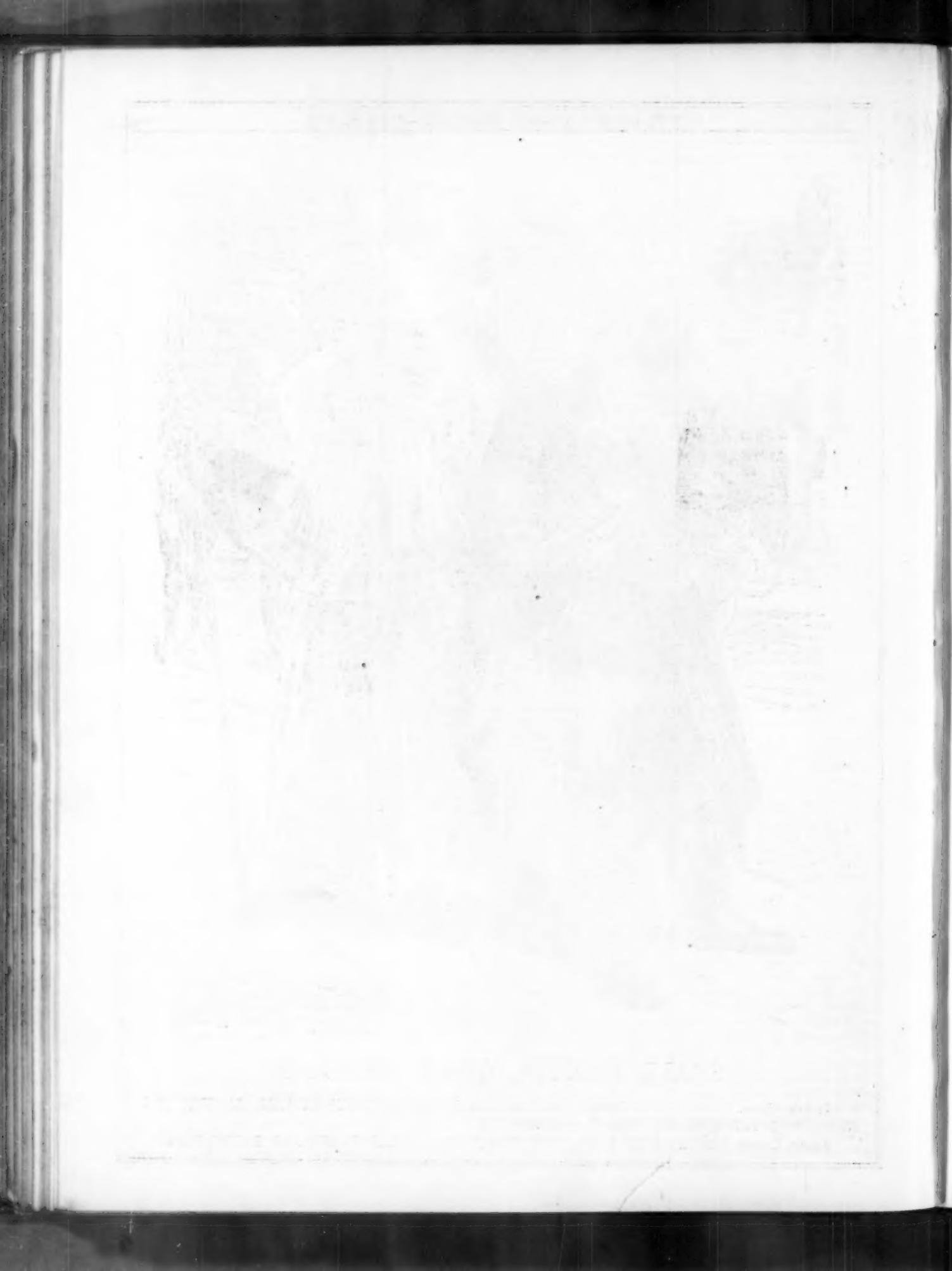
And that bus drivers are original and witty will, I suppose, continue to be alleged as long as bus drivers exist; which will not be very long if the motor-buses multiply at their present rate. Whether the chauffeur is to be credited also with powers of repartee remains to be seen. He seems so far to have no time for frivolity.



SMALL PROFITS, QUICK RETURNS.

LONDON CABBY. "WOT WITH THESE 'ERE MOTOR BUSES AN' TUBES AN' ALL, BLOWED IF I KNOW WOT THE KEB BUSINESS IS A COMIN' TO!"

FRENCH COCHER. "DO AS I'VE DONE, MON VIEUX. TRY CHEAP FARES AND TAXIMÈTRES."





The Infant Prodigy has reached the middle of an exceedingly difficult pianoforte solo, and one of those dramatic pauses of which the celebrated composer is so fond has occurred.

Kindly, but undiscerning, Old Lady. "PLAY SOMETHING YOU KNOW, DEARIE."

HOW TO LIVE CHEAPLY.

HINTS TO PEERS WITH LESS THAN £50,000 A YEAR.

(Continuation of the "Daily Express" Series.)

RIGID economy will be necessary for young couples marrying on less than £50,000 a year, if they wish to avoid the manufacturers seizing the furniture purchased on the instalment system. Dressing allowance must be rigidly reduced to £800 a year each, and at the outside four chauffeurs only retained.

Far the best system of saving money is by cutting down expenses. Give up the house in Park Lane, and take one in some cheaper part, such as Great Cumberland Place or Grosvenor Gardens. Dismiss all your servants except twenty; with a little self-denial the young wife should be able to do the rest of the house-work herself. Cost of firing may be reduced by using electric fires, while bus-fares may be eliminated by only riding in your motor.

Your income may be increased in your spare time by acting as company director, playing Bridge and Baccarat and attend-

ing horse races, or you might borrow money all round and then go bankrupt. When taking a special train travel by first-class carriage instead of Pullman car, and give up one of your steam yachts. Share deer forest and grouse moor with another, and take American millionaire as paying guest at a hundred guineas a day.

Answers to Correspondents.

"DESPERATE" (Berkeley Square).—You say your income is only two thousand a week, and you have a wife and three children depending on you. Join a burial club. Give up most of your villas on the Riviera. Tell me how you get on.

"I. O. U." (Carlton Hotel).—(1) Recoverable in the County Court. (2) Your expenditure on macintoshes and lucifer matches is too high. (3) Stop entertaining Royalty.

"GENEROUS" (White's Club).—Cut down your charities at once. Revise your wife's dress allowance, and take your boys from Eton and Oxford. Stop pensions to retired servants.

"HIRE SYSTEM" (Royal Yacht Squad-

ron).—Your estimate of £5,000 for the fitting of your yacht's dining saloon seems reasonable enough. Perhaps 5s. 8d. for the coal-box looks rather high, but coal-boxes have been exceptionally dear this season.

A Novel Turn.

A MAN charged with picking pockets at the Marylebone Police Court the other day seems to have enjoyed exceptional facilities for the carrying on of his vocation. The evidence, according to *The Daily Mail*, showed that "at one time he had the appearance of a gentleman, wearing kid gloves. Then he would suddenly turn into a doorkey." A very clever disguise, which might have deceived anybody except a British constable.

A Pretty Compliment.

The Newcastle Daily Chronicle says of Mr. GEORGE ROBERT that "he never sings a song until everybody has grown sick and tired of it, and consequently his turn is always fresh and always funny."

OUR SHORT STORY.

[One of these will appear every week until further notice.—AUTHOR.]

I regret to announce that with this number our weekly Short Stories will cease.—EDITOR.]

I.

THOUGH MILICENT SOMERS was the belle of the town, she looked the picture of woe as she dropped her shapely head upon her hands, and gazed up at the French painted ceiling with a sigh of utter and hopeless despair.

[EDITOR. *Impossible.*]

AUTHOR. *Hang it, this is a romance.]*

"What is it, MILLY dear?" asked her aunt, Lady MACKENZIE. "Come, my love, tell me all your trouble," and the good woman moved across to the sofa where her beautiful niece was sitting.

"Oh aunt," said MILICENT, "I am so unhappy."

"Had you not better tell me all?" said her aunt again.

[EDITOR. *I cannot understand a woman like Lady MACKENZIE.*]

AUTHOR. *Wait.]*

MILLY put her arm round Lady MACKENZIE's waist, and unburdened herself to her aunt (with whom she was staying for a few weeks at her house, Calicot Towers, in Sussex).

"It's about JACK," she said. "He has been untrue to me."

"Impossible," said Lady MACKENZIE; for handsome JACK STAUNTON was a great friend of hers, and nobody had been more pleased than Lady MACKENZIE when his engagement to MILICENT had been announced.

"Alas," said MILLY, "there can be no doubt about it. Lord STEEPLE told me that he had overheard Mr. STAUNTON saying that he was already secretly married to a Miss HEDINGHAM."

"And what explanation has JACK to give on the subject?" asked Lady MACKENZIE, drawing in the ends of her mouth and pouting her lips, as she always did when vexed.

[EDITOR. *Lady MACKENZIE was a remarkable woman, was she not?*]

AUTHOR. *Very. Her husband was the Earl of —*

EDITOR. Quite so.]

"I have not asked him to give one," said MILLY. "I would not demean myself by talking to a man who could behave so unfaithfully."

[EDITOR. *Was MILLY quite right?*]

AUTHOR. *You forget. She is the heroine of "Our Short Story." What else could she do?]*

"My dear," said her aunt, Lady MACKENZIE, "Lord STEEPLE is uninformed. JACK has always loved you. He has

never had anything to do with Miss HEDINGHAM."

"Oh aunt!" cried the beautiful girl. "How happy you have made me!" And she threw her arms round her aunt's neck, and kissed her.

"Dear, dear," said her aunt jokingly, "you would make Master JACK jealous if he could see you now. I shall have him challenging me to a duel."

MILLY laughed happily.

[EDITOR. *I beg your pardon for interrupting again, but I don't quite understand. Why did MILLY laugh?*]



PORTRAIT OF THE MONTH.

THE MARCH HARE.

AUTHOR. *Well, it was rather funny of Lady MACKENZIE, was it not?*

EDITOR. Oh.

AUTHOR. *You don't think so? Surely common politeness, anyhow, would prompt a laugh?*

EDITOR. I see. It was the "happily" that put me off.]

II.

Now Lord STEEPLE had made up this wicked story about handsome JACK's marriage, in order to alienate MILICENT's affections; with whom he declared himself to be in love—though, to disclose a secret—

[EDITOR. *Let me guess: He wanted her for her money?*]

AUTHOR. *I say, how did you know?]*

—he only wooed her because she was the heiress to Lady MACKENZIE's large fortune.

[EDITOR. *I wish to apologise for my interruption at the end of the last section. I might have known it was that.]*

As we have seen, his plot was successful, and for a time at least JACK was alienated from MILLY. Now (alas! for Lord STEEPLE) they were lovers again.

"What can I do," he soliloquised one day in his beautiful park on the borders of Kent and Surrey, "what can I do to alienate

[AUTHOR. *I say, how do you like "alienate"?*]

EDITOR. I like it very much. Please go on.]

—to alienate

[EDITOR. *Do get on. This is simply breathless. I can hardly hold myself in.]*

—to alienate her affections from that young bounder STAUNTON?"

At that moment whom should he meet, to his great surprise, but MILICENT herself!

[EDITOR. *I wasn't a bit surprised.*]

AUTHOR. *But then you're so clever.]*

After the usual interchange of courtesies, he took off his hat and said in a low voice, "Miss SOMERS, prepare yourself for a shock. JACK STAUNTON died suddenly this morning."

MILLY shrieked and stepped back in horror. Then, before Lord STEEPLE could move to her aid, she had fallen in a swoon at his feet . . .

[EDITOR. *We have asterisks too in the office. Or do you prefer dots?*]

AUTHOR. *Don't. I'm going to start a new section.]*

III.

One day in early summer, when the roses —

[EDITOR. *Look here, I'm rather off roses just now. Let's get on to MILICENT.*]

AUTHOR. *You're so impatient. I was just coming to her.*

EDITOR. Good. You see, we have a man already who does "Country Notes" for us.]

. . . walked the beautiful MILICENT. Suddenly her heart stopped beating, the blood fled from her face, for there, in front of her, was coming JACK STAUNTON!

[EDITOR. *I thought JACK was dead.*]

AUTHOR. *So did MILLY.]*

"JACK," she cried, "they told me you were dead!"

"Whoever told you that—lied," said JACK, impressively. "Then that was why you did not write to me?"

"Lord STEEPLE told me you were dead."

"Ah!" said JACK. "I see that I must talk to that gentleman," and he felt the muscle of his forearm with a grim smile. "When Lord STEEPLE and I meet—" He stopped suddenly.

[EDITOR. *I'm sorry, but you had better, too.*]

AUTHOR. *Please! I'm just at the end.*]

"MILLY," he cried, "but you do love me—you won't doubt me again?"

"JACK!"

He took her in his arms.

"At last!" he cried.

"At last!" cooed MILLY.

[*At last!*—EDITOR.]

A SONG OF MARCH.

EARLY March was early May.
Soft was the air and bland;
The sun diffused a constant ray,
And everything combined to say
That Spring was close at hand.

Nature forsook her winter sleep;
And through the rustling wood
The little birds began to cheep;
And oh, to see the lambkins leap
Did one a power of good.

The early flower came bravely out;
In buds of tenderest green
The cryptogam did newly sprout;
The orchard blossom looked about
The best I've ever seen.

So all the land put off the sere,
And filled the day with song:
"The air is warm, the skies are clear,
Now welcome life, and love, and cheer,
For Spring is here—for Spring is here!"

And all the land was wrong.

* * * * *

There came a change—'tis ever so—
First it began to rain,
And then to freeze, and then to blow;
And after that we had some snow;
And then it blew again.

Nipped was the budding cryptogam;
Nipped were the early flowers;
The bird was mute, and every lamb
Relieved his feelings with a dam;
The blossom fell in showers.

I care not, though the worst befall
The green thing or the brute;
Though they be damaged past recall,
I should not weep. But, dash it all!
I'm troubled for the fruit!

DUM-DUM.

FROM *The Irish Times*:

"Cook (good) 10; 2 years in present place;
leaving through no fault; would take hotel."

This sounds a little like kleptomania,
always an excusable vice.



Cyclist. "I'M VERY SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. CARVER. IT'S DOUBLE PNEUMONIA, YOU SAY?"

Mrs. Carver. "YES, MUM. YOU SEE, HE HAD A DREADFUL COLD, AND WOULD GO DOING A BIT O' GARDENING; AND INSTEAD OF COMING HOME TO DINNER, FEELING A BIT BAD LIKE, HE LAY DOWN IN THE WOOD-SHED, AND THAT'S WHEN HE DOUBLED IT!"

A TRIBUTE TO "THE TRIBUNE."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I recently read an account of a young New Zealander who was walking round the world for a wager and, being short of clothes and money, contrived a suitable and sufficient covering out of four copies of *The Wellington Post* and a packet of pins. May I, in case he should find himself in a similar predicament in this country, earnestly recommend to his notice the claims of our only Penny London Liberal Morning Paper?

I have taken *The Tribune* over since it has been in existence, and I speak from daily experience of its strength and efficiency; in fact I cannot imagine how I ever got through my busy mornings without it. Being broader, in comparison to its length, than are its contemporaries, it lends itself admirably to the duplication of tissue-

paper blouse patterns, and will actually take the whole length of a Directoire sleeve without a join, and at the same time it is so tough in texture that seams will hold together when pinned without tearing through.

Being practically dust-proof also, *The Tribune* enjoys an equal popularity with my maids, and it is much in request for curtain-bags on cleaning days, while the artistic colour scheme of its posters gave me an excellent idea for a green and white accordion-pleated dancing skirt for my second little girl (the fair-haired one—like me).

Yours, HOME DRESSMAKER.

BRIGAND KIDNAPS A LADY

(From our own Correspondent.)

"Daily Mail."

This has just that intimate personal touch that makes the 1d. papers so engrossing.

LIFE'S LITTLE DIFFICULTIES.

THE DEDICATION.

I.

Mr. Launcelot Wyke Mister, of "The Dryads," Worthing, to Dr. W. Porter Roddy, Mereham, Norfolk.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—I am just collecting together in one volume all my fugitive poetry of the past nine years, since the publication of my *Death of Noah, and other Poems*, and it would give me great pleasure to dedicate the book to you, not only as some recognition of your industry as an antiquary, but also as an acknowledgment of the great skill which you displayed during my long and very severe illness last summer, from which I am now happily recovered, save for an increased tendency to take cold.

Believe me, dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

II.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

MY DEAR MR. MISTER,—Your letter, with its flattering offer, does me too much honour. The archaeologist quickly gets into the habit of not looking for recognition or reward. Perhaps, as antiquity has worked for him, it is only right that he should work for posterity. Hence, although such *coupes* as I may have brought off in the fields of archaeology and folk-lore have been commemorated in the local press and in the minutes of our Society, the wider world knows almost nothing of me. The dedication page of your volume will be the first intimation of my name and career to a large portion of the English-speaking community. I thank you very heartily for your courtesy. Perhaps you will let me have a notion of the form which the dedication will take. As for your tendency to catch cold, of which I am very sorry to hear, I would recommend the adoption of an abdominal belt, often a sure precautionary measure.

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours very truly,
W. PORTER RODDY.

III.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—It gratifies me extremely to find that you will allow your name to honour my poor bantling. The dedication will run thus:

To W. PORTER RODDY, M.D.

the modern GALEN to whom the author owes his life, recently jeopardised on a visit to the East Coast by a severe attack of rheumatoid arthritis, and the modern OLDBUCK to whose imaginative labour and indefatigable researches into the storied past the townspeople of Mereham and the inhabitants of

East Norfolk generally owe so much, this volume is, with respect and admiration, dedicated.

I think that that expresses the case very clearly and, if I may say so, with a pleasant allusiveness, and I feel sure that you will agree with me. I am ordering an abdominal belt.

Believe me, dear Doctor,

Yours very truly,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

P.S.—I re-open this to say that I have suddenly become the victim of a most curious and, to me, alarming singing in the ears, so loud that I can hardly hear anything that is going on. L. W. M.

IV.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

DEAR MR. MISTER,—The wording of the dedication is very flattering, and I am so much honoured by it that I hesitate to utter a syllable of criticism; but since you have been so kind I am emboldened to suggest that a more suitable predecessor than Oldbuck might be found. For two reasons: (1) he was a character not in real life but in fiction, in a novel by Sir WALTER SCOTT, and GALEN being a real man I would suggest, with all deference, that whatever antiquary you choose should be real too; and (2) if by any typographical disaster, such as are, unhappily, only too frequent in our local Press, a line of cleavage were to intervene between the first and second syllables of Oldbuck, the reference to me would become instantly not respectful as you so kindly desire, but grotesque. I trust I make myself clear. I would suggest the substitute of some such name as AUBREY or LELAND.

The singing in the ears has probably passed away by this time; but if it has not I should take a tonic. Weston's syrup might be useful, and it is easily obtained of any chemist. Believe me, yours very truly, W. PORTER RODDY.

V.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—I am sorry that you take exception to my dedication, which was, I assure you, not idly thrown off, but represents the work of some hours of thought. Your objection to Oldbuck illustrates once again the impossibility of reconciling science with poetry. I, a poet, wishing my dedication to be in keeping with my book, choose deliberately a figure of the imagination from the greatest of all modern novelists (whom you do not, I fear, sufficiently esteem). You, being a man of science, require me to substitute the name of some fusty old book-worm and tombstone-scraper from real life. Few people give way to criticism so readily as I, but in this case I really must be firm.

The singing in the head, which you treat so lightly, still continues to cause me the gravest concern. I have taken two doses of the syrup without any relief. Believe me, yours truly,

LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

VI.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

DEAR MR. MISTER,—I am sorry that we cannot see eye to eye in this matter. I have taken the liberty of submitting your dedication to several of my friends, including the Vicar, an exceptionally gifted man, and the Curator of the Museum, whose memoir on bees is a standard work, and all agree with me that a suggestion of not precise' frivolity but want of the highest seriousness is imparted by the reference to *Jonathan Oldbuck*. The Vicar is also of opinion that it is, perhaps, understating the case to limit my reputation, as you do, to East Norfolk, since I have several times contributed to *Notes and Queries*. I have, however, done with criticism, and beg to repeat my thanks to you for your kindness.

A tonic requires time to do its work. Two doses could not effect any material improvement. The singing is probably over by now. Believe me,

Yours very truly,
W. PORTER RODDY.

VII.

Mr. Mister to Dr. Roddy.

DEAR DR. RODDY,—I am horrified to learn that you have committed the solecism—the unpardonable solecism—of showing my dedication to strangers. Were you more conversant with the laws, written or unwritten, of authorship, you would know that this is never done; that everything is avoided that can take the fine edge of novelty from a new book. The incident has completely disheartened me, and I am quite incapable of attending any further to the dedication.

To add to it all, the singing in my ears increases. Believe me,

Yours faithfully,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

VIII.

Dr. Roddy to Mr. Mister.

DEAR MR. MISTER,—I am extremely sorry; but my friends read the dedication in strictest confidence, and I was quite unaware that I was offending. Perhaps the matter had better drop altogether. You will have, I am sure, no difficulty in finding a worthier and less critical object to whom to offer your volume. Believe me,

Yours very truly,
W. PORTER RODDY.

IX.

Mr. Mister to the Bishop of Caster.

My Lord,—I am just collecting together in one volume all my fugitive



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT.

Mistress (to Head Gardener, who has been ill). "I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU OUT AGAIN, BATER."

Bates. "THANKEE, MUM, BUT I AIN'T ANYTHINK LIKE RIGHT YET. WHY, WHEN THE WIND BLEW THESE ERE POTS OVER, HINSTED OF A CALLIN' THE HUNDER GARDENER TO PICK 'EM UP, BLESSED IF I DIDN'T START A-DOIN' OF IT MYSELF!"

poetry of the past nine years,—since, in fact, the publication of my *Death of Noah, and other Poems*,—and it would give me great pleasure and confer a high distinction upon the book, if I might be permitted to dedicate it to you, not only to mark your interest in poetry, but also from personal gratitude for benefits received from your Lenten sermons last year, which I attended with my wife, and which we still vividly remember.

Believe me, my Lord,
Your obedient servant,
LAUNCELOT WYKE MISTER.

X

The Rev. Cyril Blood (Private Secretary to the Bishop of Caster) to Mr. Mister.

DEAR SIR,—I am instructed by the Bishop to say that he will be pleased to

accept the dedication to which you refer; but that if you propose to make it a lengthy one he must insist on seeing a proof. I am, Yours faithfully,

CYRIL BLOOD.

"I MUST LEARN SPANISH ONE OF THESE DAYS."—BROWNING.

The statement that in view of the Spanish marriage the mantilla is to be worn in England during the coming season, has served to call attention to other movements incidental to the boom in things Spanish.

The Society game that will be played everywhere will, we hear, be the old Nursery favourite, "My father's just come home from Spain."

The President of the Local Govern-

ment Board has requested that he shall in future be addressed as DON BURNS.

Mr. S. R. CHOCKETT's novel for the week ending March 24 will have Spain for its background.

A round of the West-End restaurants reveals the fact that unprecedently large orders have been issued for Spanish onions.

It is announced that the effigy of DRAKE will be burnt by Mr. W. T. STEAD and a party of friends on a date to be made known shortly.

Notice.

In self-defence Mr. Punch begs to state that any further references to King ALFONSO's favourite instrument as the Consort ENA will be treated with the contempt which they deserve.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

PARLIAMENTARY APPETITES.

A MEMBER of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons has recently imparted to *The Daily Mail* some interesting information as to the diet of the new Parliament. He notes that the consumption of wine has gone down one-half, that new Members are either taking temperance drinks or beer, and that they eat double the amount of food.

Carrying this investigation a few steps further, one of Mr. Punch's young men has been enabled to supplement the foregoing by some further interesting facts.

"Who are your most intemperate customers?"

"Well, that is rather a leading question, but in regard to the consumption of non-alcoholic drinks Sir WILFRID LAWSON stands easily first. Indeed, I have known him take as many as nineteen barley-and-waters during an all-night sitting."

"I suppose that certain Members have peculiar tastes?"

"Yes, but fortunately it is not difficult to gratify these idiosyncrasies. The

strange thing, however, is that in some cases they like the exact contrary of what you might naturally expect. Thus Major SEELEY will only touch China tea, and the few Orangemen in the House are all addicted to lemon squash. On the other hand, Lord PERCY has a great weakness for Turkish Delight, and Mr. HERRERT PAUL frequently dines off a purée of chestnuts."

"Then the vegetarian craze has laid hold of our legislators?"

"Oh, yes. Fully one third of the new Members abstain from flesh foods, and of those the majority are followers of Dr. HAIG. In consequence the demand for cheese, fruit, and nuts has gone up by leaps and bounds, milk is drunk by the hogshead, and pyramids of stewed prunes vanish before the onslaught of the new Parliamentarians."

"Have you been able to establish any general connection between the different parties in the House and the diet they affect?"

"Well, it is perhaps rash to be too specific, but I may say that the members of the L.C.C., as the result, no doubt, of their visit to Paris, are the most fasti-

dious feeders, that the Irish Members are most addicted to greens, that the Balfourites have the smallest appetites, and the University representatives are most partial to Butcher's meat."

"Experience to make me sad."

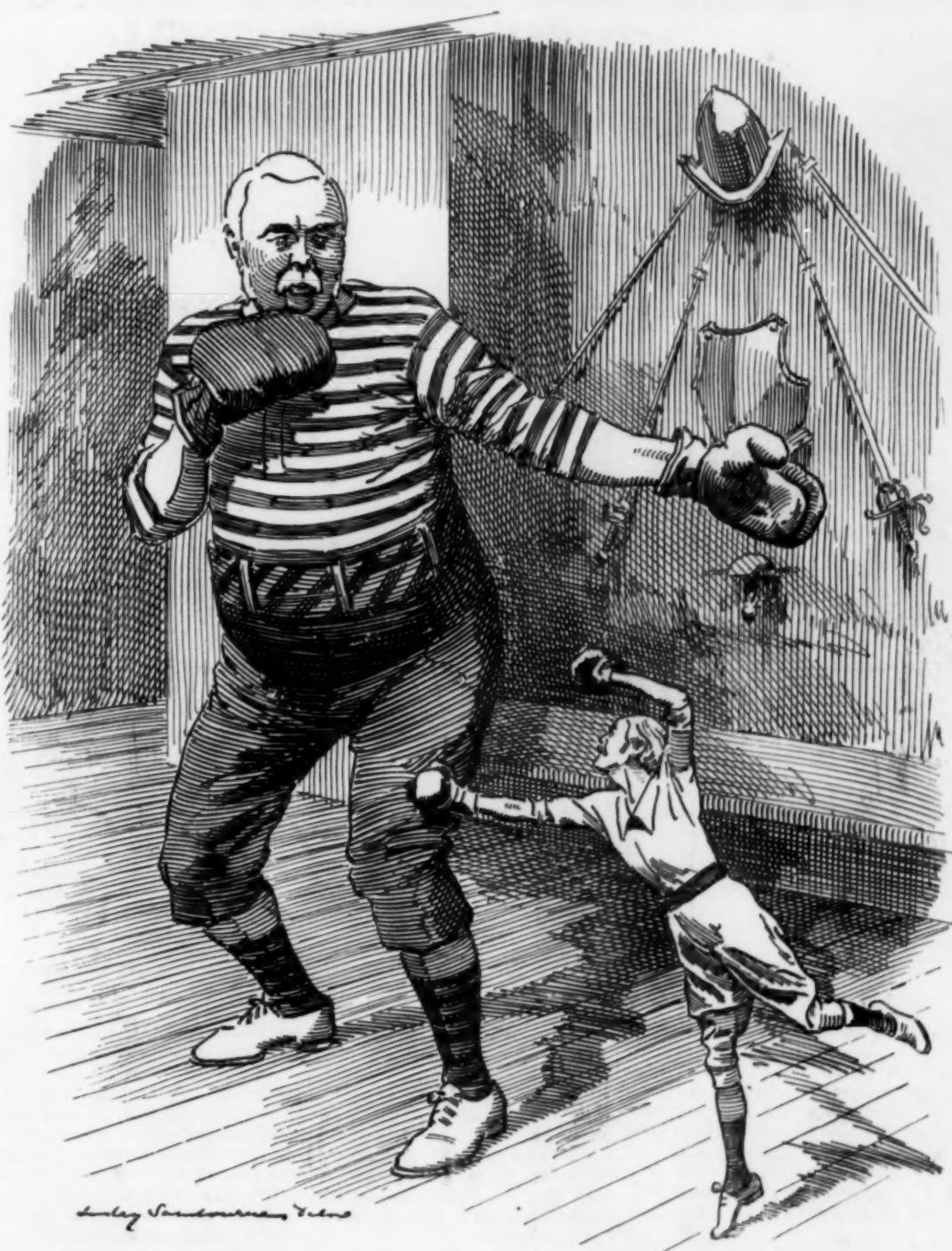
"Gardener seeks situation; age 26; experienced inside and out."

Somerset County Gazette.

We recommend the gardener with the experience inside to apply for the post of Lapper that was mentioned in the last number of *Punch*. Or he might obtain a place with the Swiss Family Robinson when the Monkey dies (as he must soon). It is absurd for him to insist on being a gardener.

Forewarned.

The Daily Dispatch announces: "Russia is carrying out surveys for a Black Sea to the Baltic canal. Twenty thousand pounds has been voted for preliminary inquiries." We do not know what the idea is, but should not the South or some other cone be hoisted at all fishing ports?

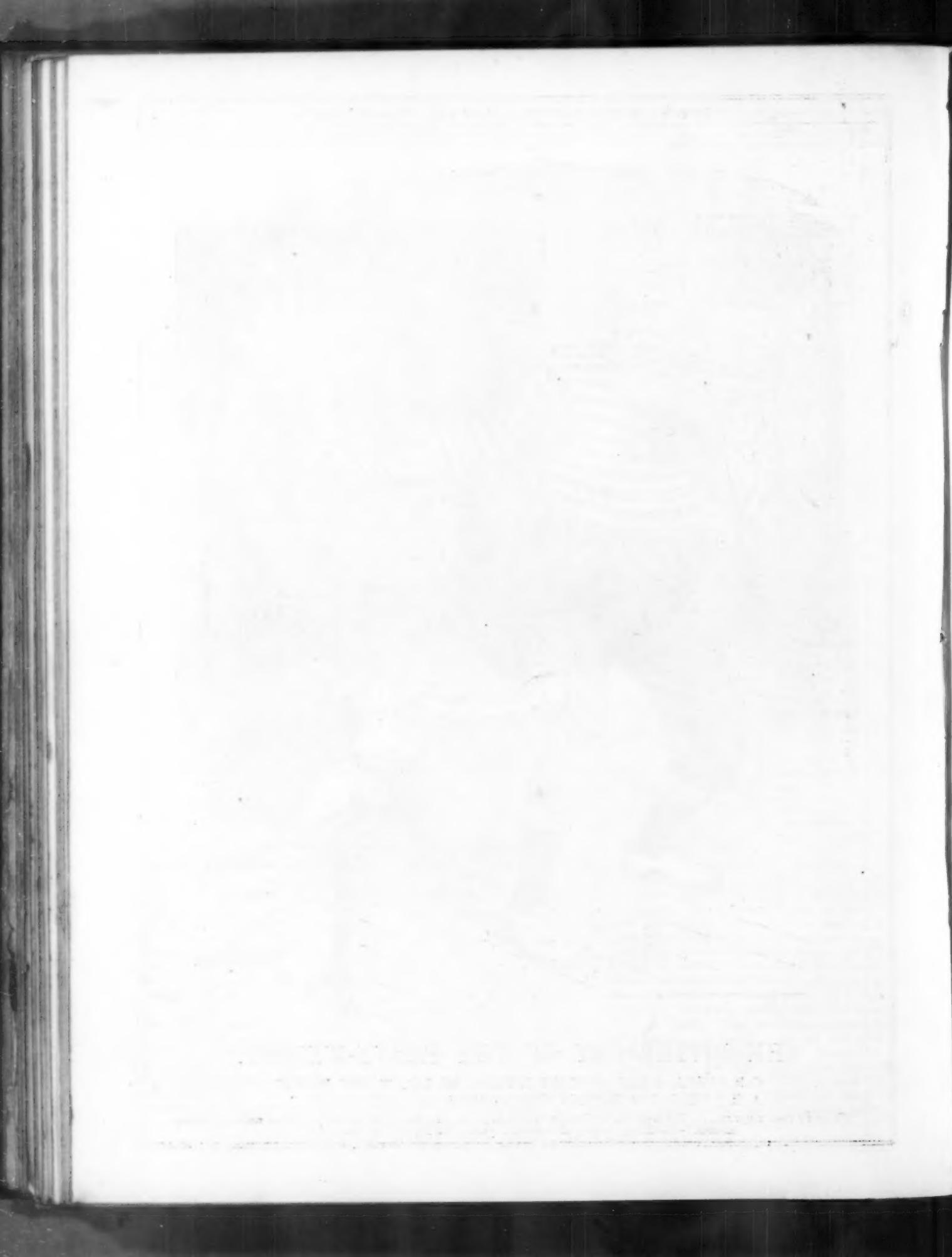


THE BITTER CRY OF THE HEAVY-WEIGHT.

C.-B. "HERE, I SAY! YOU'RE HITTING ME BELOW THE BELT!"

A. B. "WELL, I'M HITTING YOU AS HIGH AS I CAN REACH!"

"We have a great majority. . . . The first thing we have got to do is to get fair play for it, and that fair play it has not at the present moment."—*Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Speech at the Reform Club, March 13.*



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



HAMLET AGAIN ; OR, THE FISCAL "MOUSE-TRAP."

The King (sotto voce). "Do you know, my dear, it's just occurred to me that this elaborately stagey and somewhat melodramatic performance was intended in some hazy way to inconvenience us!! I fancy I detect oblique allusions to our 'past,' and *Hamlet's* rather obtrusive air of watchful expectancy would seem to point to something of the kind!"

The Queen. "No!! What fun! How disappointed he must be! Why it's been a most enjoyable evening!"

House of Commons, Monday, Mar. 12.— There is one thing PRINCE ARTHUR can't abear. It is ambiguity.

Back to-day to old familiar scene; much battered by the way. When, just seven months ago, he walked forth, Prorogation accomplished, he was still master of legions; looked forward with gay confidence to another Session which should see accomplished the beneficent work of Redistribution. He comes back to find the contemned C.-B. on the Treasury Bench, Leader of a host compared with which his own long-dominant majority was a feeble force. For himself there is plenty of room on the Front Opposition Bench where he sits bravely smiling, ruddy with his country holiday, but hair, alack! growing woefully scant, grievously grey. On his left hand is

DON JOSF with the orchid of quenchless hope in his buttonhole. On his right GEORGE WYNDHAM, one of the few survivors of the cataclysm of January. Behind, some four score of the throng who a year ago were wont to welcome his presence with jubilant cheer.

These things, slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, hard to bear. He confronts them with gallant heart and gay smile. When, however, it comes to C.-B. declining to define his view of Protection, taking refuge behind the ambiguities of carefully framed resolution, he breaks down.

A House thronged from floor to topmost seat of Strangers' Gallery, looks upon pathetic scene. At one side of the Table C.-B., stolid, silent, unrepentant. At the other PRINCE ARTHUR, wringing

his hands and in broken voice uttering his lament.

"Do Ministers deliberately think they have a better chance of passing this resolution in its ambiguous than in its unambiguous form?" he wailed. "I cannot believe that they would deliberately prefer an ambiguous to an unambiguous discussion. If true, it would be discreditable in the highest degree."

Flippant majority broke in with roar of ironical cheers, varied by a shout of laughter. Standing quiet perforse, PRINCE ARTHUR's eye rested wistfully on the stationery box. Here were quires of note-paper. If C.-B. would only take half a sheet and write out the meaning of the resolution moved by KIRKOW with his sanction all would be well.



TWO OF A TRADE.

Paul of Corpus to Smith (of Wadham). "Look here, young man! I can't have this; you're putting in too many epigrams to the square inch; I shall have to bring it before the 'Union'!"

(Mr. H-rb-rt P-l and Mr. F. E. Sm-th.)

Don José followed on same line, to gaping wonder of new Members. They had gathered in eager anticipation of hearing PRINCE ARTHUR define his position on Fiscal question in the altered circumstances of to-day. To that end C.-B., ever ready to oblige, framed a resolution declaring that, since at the General Election the people of the United Kingdom demonstrated unqualified fidelity to the principles of Free Trade, the House deems it right to record its determination to resist any proposal to create a system of Protection. It had been moved and seconded. Now was PRINCE ARTHUR's opportunity. When he rose the crowded audience settled down in anticipation of the pleasing prospect of seeing him wriggle in a corner. And here he was talking for an hour, saying not a word about his own views and position on the Fiscal Question, but bewailing C.-B.'s sinful ambiguity, beseeching him to stand up like a man and say plainly what he meant.

Such turning of the tables finds its nearest parallel in the imaginary case of a prisoner in the dock addressing a moral lecture to Judge on Bench. Don José, equally sorrowing over delinquencies on Treasury Bench, more actively resentful, moved adjournment of debate.

"Enough of this folly," cried C.-B. "Put your amendment and let us get to business." The majority gnashed their teeth in impotent rage. They had come to shear; every prospect of their going away shorn. Close upon dinner hour before division concluded. Here was morning sitting frittered away. PRINCE ARTHUR and Don José had both spoken at length and had said not a word, compromising or otherwise, on their

relative or individual position on Fiscal Question. New Members begin to think House of Commons is even a queerer place than they had suspected.

Business done.—PRINCE ARTHUR and Don José, solemnly arraigned on charge of Protection heresy, decline to plead. "Instead of which," as was remarked in another leading case, they accuse C.-B. of criminal ambiguity.

Tuesday night.—Debate on KIRTON amendment brought to conclusion just in time for men to be too late for dinner, and this in spite of repeated efforts by SPEAKER to cut it short. Began with LOWE. As one of the sacred Seven of Birmingham he felt it behoved him to discourse at large on Free Trade and Protection. STUART-WORTLEY's amendment, under discussion, limited debate

to question whether or not the people of the United Kingdom at the recent General Election had demonstrated unqualified fidelity to the principles and practice of Free Trade. Hadn't got far into denunciation of wicked men who were opposed to tax on corn when SPEAKER was up with insistence on his keeping to the point. Explaining that he was coming to it, LOWE resumed thread of his remarks as spun in manuscript held in hand.

"Now," said he, "what constitutes Protection?"

SPEAKER up again with sterner warning. LOWE bowed to his ruling, of course. But he desired to show that he only meant—and so forth through some troubled sentences. Then back to his manuscript.

"Now, Mr. SPEAKER, that being so, what do hon. gentlemen opposite say Protection is?"

"Order! order!" cried the SPEAKER. "I have twice warned the hon. Member against irrelevancy. I must ask him to discontinue his speech."

LOWE, gasping for breath, sat down forlornly turning over the many pages of his unused notes.

Next Houstox, a Liverpool man, took the floor. Had prepared a short autobiography which, à propos of STUART-WORTLEY's amendment, he purposed to read. Its opening sentence arrested attention.

"I was," he said, "originally intended for the Church." Natural tendency, however, drew him, as with a hawser, to the shipbuilding yard.

"That," said Mr. Houstox, gazing reflectively on the countenance of C.-B. sitting entranced on Treasury Bench opposite, "was my boyhood's ambition."

Here the SPEAKER moved uneasily in the Chair. But Mr. HOUSTON, reminiscent



THEIR FIRST EXPERIENCE OF JOE AND ARTHUR IN DEBATE.

(Some new Members, including the Member for West Salford.)



THE TRIALS OF A GENTLEMAN RIDER.

Brauny Ruffian (who has backed the other horse). "Now then, Guv'nor, you just stop where you are for a bit. You ain't wanted up there just yet!"

of childhood's happy days, did not observe the omen.

"I served a four years' apprenticeship in the shipbuilding yard," he continued. After a pause affording opportunity for this fact to sink into the mind of the listening Senate he turned over a new leaf of his interesting autobiography.

"Hon. Members of the Labour Party," he proceeded, turning to the left so as to get DON'T KEIN HARDIE's vermillion-hued necktie in focus, "know what a hard day's work is. So do I. Early and late—"

"Order! Order!" said the SPEAKER. "I do not see what this has to do with the amendment.

"I am coming to that," said the auto-biographer a little tartly. "To-day I have lines of steamers running to all parts of the world. I pay £10,000 a year for cables."

SPEAKER up again with second warning. "I mentioned this to show," HOUXTON hurriedly explained, "that I have my pulse on the fingers of the world."

"That not exactly the way he intended to put it. But how can you, especially

if you are a new Member, read your autobiography correctly if you are constantly interrupted by a man in a full-bottom wig?"

HOUSTON never got over this last interference. Embarrassment increased by vain endeavour to keep one eye on the manuscript and the other on the SPEAKER. Finally, thinking he saw signs of SPEAKER rising for the third time, he abruptly sat down in the middle of Chapter I.

ROWLAND HUNT the next victim. He also had brought his sheaves with him in form of handful of notes. These were biographical only to extent of mentioning that he belonged to the Catholic Faith. This, it appears, had led to the circulation during the Election contest of the statement that, if he were returned to Parliament, the offspring of the electors would be burned at the stake.

This a little mixed. Whilst Members were thinking it out, Mr. HUNT proceeded, with the assistance of a few posters, to give a sort of limelight entertainment descriptive of election proceedings in Ludlow. SPEAKER called him to order.



"ONE OF THE SACRED SEVEN."

Sir Fr-nk L-we "sat down gasping for breath."

"Very well, then. I was going to bring it round to the point by showing the difference between the facts of the big and little loaf and the Radical poster I have here. Can I produce it?"

"Certainly not," said the adamantine SPEAKER.

"Then I am afraid," said Mr. HUNT wofully, "I cannot tell you."

House bore up against this disappointment. A few minutes later, wandering back to one of the posters with which his pockets bulged, the SPEAKER gave him an Oliver for his ROWLAND, ordering him to shut up.

Business done.—KITSON's resolution carried by a majority of 316. That pretty good for Ministers. Actually PRINCE ARTHUR and DON JOSÉ won the day. Debate undisguisedly planned with design to "draw" them on Fiscal Question. By counter-maneuvre they evaded challenge. As a matter of fact KITSON's amendment was not discussed at all.

THE CUCKOO.

The Haven, Brixton.

To MR. PUNCH, SIR.—I am determined to be, and nothing shall prevent me from being, the first person to hear the cuckoo in the year 1906. As I desire to attach no blame where blame is not due, I will refrain from any recrimination now, though I cannot help thinking that I was most disgracefully treated over this affair last year. Everyone knows and must know that it has been from time immemorial my practice to write to the papers on this subject year by year; nevertheless last year I was treacherously forestalled by an unscrupulous intruder.

In order to prevent repetition of this sort of thing I enclose a suitable letter containing the usual statement ("The other day as I was walking in the

country with a friend, I heard, &c. &c.") and such appropriate remarks on the advent of Spring and the flight of Time as long use has rendered of indubitable propriety.

I must ask you to publish this enclosed letter at the earliest date on which you consider its contents will be credible.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,
[One enclosure] AN OBSERVER OF NATURE.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR SONS?

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I notice in your current issue a poem (with the above sub-title) in which a parent is represented as having despaired of finding a profession for his son, till the House of Commons passed a resolution in favour of the payment of Members. It looks as if he must have missed a most attractive article a few weeks ago in a contemporary on "The Idyllic Life of Dartmoor Prison." When I read this article I at once decided what to do with my WILLIE. I may say that I am a clerk myself, and did not want him to grow up to this drudgery, but until reading the *Mail's* account of Dartmoor I did not see any alternative.

Of course, to become eligible, WILLIE would have to qualify by committing a crime. What would you suggest? He is thirteen years old.

Thanking you in anticipation for any useful hint you could give me,

I am,
Yours obediently,
LEMUEL SMILES
(and no wonder!)

P.S.—I think the parent in your poem had better give Dartmoor a chance before he tries to get his son into Parliament. You see, Dartmoor can always be extended to hold any number, whereas the other House is limited to 670 inmates.



"YOU THINK YOU'RE EVERYBODY, YOU DO!"
"GARN! I DON'T THINK I'M TOO, BOHOW!"

[Unfortunately one of Our Suburban Correspondents has already made a statement in last week's issue of *Punch* on the subject of the cuckoo. It is true that he only "thought he saw it," and says nothing about having heard it, but in these circumstances the letter to which "AN OBSERVER OF NATURE" refers, had better be held over till 1907, when it can appear any time he likes after the middle, say, of January.—Ed.]

A CORRESPONDENT sends the following essay by an elementary schoolboy. The Biblical simplicity of the closing sentence has seldom been surpassed in any tongue.

COMPOSITION. THE PRINCE IN INDIA.

The young Prince in India went out shooting in the jungle with his huntsmen on horses and others on camels and hundreds bare-footed.... When he got there, there was not a tiger to be seen so he started on rajahs. And there was joy when he brought one back to Jaipur.

THE TRUTH ABOUT PLATO.

DEAREST DAPHNE.—You say you want to know all about this PLATO boom, and whether the lectures at Claridge's are really like the one on LUCRETIUS at Lockhart's which Mr. Punch described. Don't you believe him, my dear, when he sniffs at the New Learning. He'd like you to believe that PLATO's philosophy is Greek to us; whereas it's nothing of the kind; it's plain English.

I'll tell you all about it. There are three heads, as it were, to the study of PLATO. You lunch at Claridge's; you have a little darling note-book (suede or morocco) to match your frock; and you *disdain matter!* There is the whole thing, in that proverbial nutshell that must be full to overflowing long ago.

Never again will anyone dare to call Society people feather-brained. The room is crammed every time, and we all disdain matter like anything. And, without vanity, I really believe I do disdain matter most awfully. I will tell you all about one of the lectures.

I had been doing some shopping in the morning. I got some hats at Valérie's (here's a piece of news, my dear; I don't know whether to laugh or cry at it,—hats are to be worn a weeny bit higher in the crown!). Then I went to the Burlington to get Pompon a motor-coat and boots (they kept me an age, for little doggies are rather difficult to fit), and then I went straight to Claridge's, where Bars was to meet me. It was all we could do to get a table. All the PLATO people were lunching there;—CROPPY VAVASSOR and his wife, the Bosh TRESILLYANS, and, in fact, everybody. TRIXXIE, Lady LARKINGTON, and PORS, Lady RAMSGATE, were together, both dressed for nineteen; I suppose they take an interest in PLATO because they knew him personally. The Duchess of DUNSTABLE and WINNIE and CUCKOO DELLMONT were in a sort of Greek get-up with a key-pattern trimming, if you ever heard of anything so perfectly ricky! I wore pale grey face-cloth, with chinchilla, a highwayman hat to match, and a *devy* little grey suede note-book with silver corners.

When we had taken our time over luncheon (that's the beauty of having it on the spot) and done ourselves

thoroughly well, we all crowded into the lecture room and began to disdain matter. It was a lovely lecture, and the Professor is a darling man; I'm simply over head and ears. I find no difficulty in following him. He told us that men were much easier to understand than plants. Why, yes—I see that quite clearly—much easier, and so much more amusing! Plants, he says, we can never understand; and I feel so glad now that I didn't bother myself learning botany when you did. It was all sheer waste of time, *chére*—plants are not to be understood. He told us about some simply horrid people, the *Early Christians*, who distorted dear PLATO's views, and actually said—just fancy, the wretches!—that women were the origin of evil. These

just been to another of these lectures. It was about drink, and the American type of beauty, and other subjects on which PLATO is a recognised authority.

LITTLE BACK GARDENS.

Danger of Frosts.—The latter half of March has come just about the same time as usual, and there is plenty of work to be done. There is, of course, the probability of nipping frosts and biting winds in May, and the little back gardener can only try to counteract these influences by getting to work now, and putting plenty of extra clothes on the beda.

Borders.—Box borders always look neat, and perhaps the best boxes for the purpose are —'s 2-oz. Navy Cut tins; they can be got in two strengths, the "medium" and the "mild," and, the tins being of different colours, when placed alternately they make an exceedingly effective border.

Pergolas.—These little pests must be got rid of now or never, and the following recipe is probably as good as any other. In low dishes of a suitable size place a layer of wet moss, and sprinkle liberally with finely powdered borax. If you see that the moss is kept wet and do not grudge the borax, the results will surprise you.

Worms.—Worms are not all bad, and should be judged on their merits. Remember that a worm halved by the spade in digging practically counts two on a division.

Summer-houses.—Before erecting these delightful adjuncts to the garden, it is as well to consult an architect and a solicitor. We believe that fireproof floors, escape staircases, and doors opening outwards (plainly marked "EXIT") are now required by the by-laws.

A PROVINCIAL weekly paper publishes the following:

"The horse in Farmer —'s milkcart took fright and ran away. The milkcart was upset, and gallons of pure milk watered the High Street."

This gives us a new insight into the truth of the proverb which states how foolish it is to cry over spilled milk. There is enough water about already.



White Mare. "AND THEY'VE GOT THE FACE TO CALL IT TEN-HORSE-POWER!"
Black Mare. "I DON'T THINK THAT WAS THE WORD HE USED. IN FACT, I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE THE CHILDREN AWAY!"

LAPSUS LINGUÆ LATINÆ.

[A contemporary remarks that Latin quotations will be more than ever out of place in the new House of Commons.]

My Georgian grandpapa, whose education
(And shape) was *totus teres ac rotundus*,
Assisted in the counsels of the nation
As member for his own *avitus fundus*:
And, as he "briefly summed the situation"
(The dear old man was rather apt to bore 'em),
He never failed to flout his generation
As a *progeniem vitiosiorem*.

My uncle too, who sat for the vicinity
(Our village seat, alas! was docked by Dizzy),
Would tell me, when I sketched my life at Trinity,
Forsan jurabit olim meminisse:
Moreover (though he seldom figures in it) he
Could point to *Hansard* with an author's gusto;
"England," he feared (Lucretian his latinity),
"Defessa spatio obruat retuso."

And I, yes I—but that a mob impervious
To Ciceronian phrases wise and witty
Preferred to mine the *ingenium proterius*
Which marked a joiner from a Northern city—
Should, in this House of Commons hurdy-gurdyous,
Call from the Mantuan's page by tens and twenties
(With help of notes from SIDGWICK back to SERVIUS)
Such flowers of speech as *Danaos ferentes*.

Well, *mos majorum tamen interibit*;
The Horace-quoters were a trifle solemn.
And then, I must confess, I've worked off *my bit*
Of learned lore upon this friendly column.
I'm an old fogey; if the young should gibe, it
Concerns me not (*non refert mea*): in fact, I
Had better cut this short, and just subscribe it
Laudator temporis se puer acti.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Author's Progress, by ADAM LORIMER (BLACKWOOD), is not very well represented by its title. Primarily it is a treatise on modern authorship in general. As such, it is full of ideas and of information, and by reading it a young writer ought to arrive at pretty well all there is to be known on his relations to his public, his publisher, his reviewers, and his own conscience. He may even learn to look at things from his publisher's point of view, though the author owns frankly that "it wrings our heart to be just" to one of that abused but necessary race. But the book ought to appeal to many more readers than those whose interest in the subject-matter is purely professional. It is full of quaint thoughts and crisp sayings; and may confidently be recommended to all people with a sense of humour, though for literature they may care nothing, and for authors rather less.

AUTHORS are little cattle, not always dead on the spot,
But you're sure of a run for your money when "Q.'s" in
charge of the plot.
And here in *The Mayor of Troy* (the publisher's METHUEN)
His strength, compared to the average scribe, is as the
strength of ten.

'Tis a tale of the days when BONEY set Europe all by the ears,
And it tells of the craft of smugglers and the prowess of
volunteers;
And the Mayor is Solomon Hymen—the name itself is a joy—
A mixture of humbug and hero, a regular broth of a boy.

Fun and frolic and sentiment; first in the 'Ercles vein,
Rising anon as the tale goes on to a quasi-tragic strain,—
Such is the style of *The Mayor of Troy* whose *Odyssey*, writ
by "Q."

O Reader in quest of earnest and jest, is just the book for you.

Mixed Maxims—written by MONTE CARLO and published by ALSTON RIVERS—is dedicated to "All those who are likely to dislike it." Pausing, therefore, for a moment to acknowledge the compliment, we pass on to

Curayl, by USA L. SILBERRAD (CONSTABLE), which is another story altogether. Miss SILBERRAD's hero, *Luttrell*, is of a type that is hardly ever drawn successfully by a woman. He is a strong man, a man who "does" things, a man who leads other men; and with nine out of ten lady novelists such a man is a prig. But with Miss SILBERRAD he is an easy-mannered, light-hearted gentleman, who neither talks like a "Pinhero," nor calls everybody "old man." Anyone who has read much contemporary feminine fiction will understand the greatness of the author's achievement. The doctor is another man's man; in our gratitude for these two we can overlook the "financier" and the "villain." The book has a curious charm. I put it down with an unstinted admiration for its technique and the naturalness of its dialogue; with a strong desire to read it again at once; and with the realization that the only manly thing to do is to confess fully and with shame my previous ignorance of Miss SILBERRAD's work.

E. GRANT RICHARDS has started a new venture of Chapbooks by a selection of the works of Lyrists of the Restoration, selected and edited by JOHN and CONSTANCE MASSEFIELD. Good things are picked up, from the time of Sir EDWARD SHERBURNE, who died when Queen ANNE came to the throne, to CONGREVE, who did much to illuminate her Augustan age. In the second volume, rather forbiddingly entitled *Essays, Moral and Polite*, the field gleaned is widened in range, going back to the Restoration of the STUARTS and closing with the reign of Queen ANNE. Among the essayists are EVELYN, COWLEY, DRYDEN, ADDISON and STEELE. Here is nothing new, but because it is familiar it is the more lovable. The publisher has daintily frocked the little volumes in white vellum, laced with strips of kid. Perhaps if he had left out an essay or two and cut down the lyrics with a view to using larger type it would have been a generally acceptable improvement.

A DIVISION OF LABOUR.

[*"Journalism*.—Gentleman (Barrister) offers Furnished Bedroom in comfortable, cheerful chambers in Temple in return for equivalent journalistic assistance, &c."—*Times*.]

THE "equivalent" is rather a nice point. *Mr. Punch* suggests for other Gentlemen Barristers the following Table of Equivalence:

1 Furnished Bedroom . . . =	{ 1 Introduction (by Letter) to Sub-Editor of daily paper.
1 Furnished Bedroom { with use of Bath. . . } =	{ 1 Introduction (personal) to Sub-Editor.
1 Bed-Sitting-room . . . =	{ 1 Introduction and Interview (five minutes guaranteed) with Editor.
2 Furnished Rooms . . . =	{ 1 Lunch (cold) with Dr. ROBERTSON NICOLL.
2 Furnished Rooms with { use of Bath . . . } =	{ 1 Lunch (hot) with Dr. NICOLL and CLAUDIUS CLEAR.
1 Furnished Flat, with { all modern conveniences, electric light, etc. . . } =	{ 1 Bridge Night with Lord NORTHCLIFFE, Sir GEORGE NEWNES, and Mr. C. A. PEARSON.